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No. 221. SEPTEMBER 1, 1895. *Vol. XIX.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE HIGHER AIM (Sonnet). *W. M. P.* 105

A FEW WORDS ABOUT EDUCATION 105

THE LIFE OF A "TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN." *E. G. J.* 107

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN NORTH AMERICA. *B. A. Hinsdale* 110

THE LOWEST OF THE BACK-BONED ANIMALS. *David S. Jordan* 112

THE IRREPRESSIBLE NATURE OF FAITH. *John Bascom* 112

As Others Saw Him. — Satterlee's A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed. — Shields's The United Church of the United States. — Rays of Light from All Lands. — MacColl's Life Here and Hereafter. — Balfour's The Foundations of Belief. — Romanes's Thoughts on Religion.

RECENT POETRY. *William Morton Payne* . . . 115

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BRIEFER MENTION 122

LITERARY NOTES 123

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS 124

LIST OF NEW BOOKS 124

THE HIGHER AIM.

Oh beati que' pochi che seggono a quella mensa ove il pane degli Angeli si mangia. — *Convito, I., 1.*

Pan degli Angeli, del quale
Vivesse qui, ma non sen vien satollo.
— *Paradiso II., 11, 12.*

We build and build; each generation's rise
Brings us the old new question: what the way
To shape the soul, and fit it for the fray
That is the life of man. Shall these suffice —
The rule of thumb, the formula concise,
The pedant's wisdom hoarded day by day?
Dry husks of fact — do these the toil repay?
Shall this of all our labor be the price?

Nay, truth our aim, and truth is more than fact;
Ere knowledge ripen into worthy act
The spirit's glow must make it truth indeed,
Of ardent aspiration all compact,
Such truth as Dante won in sorest need,
"Angelic bread" whereon the soul may feed.

W. M. P.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT EDUCATION.

At no previous time in the history of this country has the discussion of educational questions been so serious a preoccupation as it is at present. During the past quarter of a century we have become pretty thoroughly awakened, not so much to the importance of education, which has never been questioned, as to the importance of establishing education upon the right foundation, and of conducting it in accordance with the most enlightened methods. So great a fermentation in so important a department of thought is, of course, a desirable thing, even if its blessings be not wholly unmixed. It is well occasionally to shake off our torpor, to get out of ruts, to avoid stagnation at almost any cost. But such a condition of intellectual unrest, such a determination to reëxamine the old grounds of the faith, is always fraught with the danger that we may, in our haste to make all things new, sweep away the good with the bad, and discard some of the fundamental principles of the philosophy of a sound education.

Many zealous advocates of what they are pleased to call "the new education" are so thoroughgoing in their notions that the temperate onlooker is compelled to view their proposed policy somewhat askance. They would

have us believe that the world has hitherto been all astray, that the educational wisdom of the ages is little better than foolishness, that we are upon the eve of a reform in our practice which is to be nothing less than revolutionary in its effect. These theorists complain, briefly, that education has in the past been made too much a matter of words; the remedy they offer is to make it in the future chiefly a matter of things. To bring about this radical change, it is proposed to displace, to a great extent, the sterile practices of literary, philological, and historical study, by the productive practices with which physical science acquaints us; to substitute for the study of man in his social and political character the study of man in his character as a tool-making and tool-using animal, mainly intent upon material comfort and progress. The educational tendency here suggested is very marked at the present day, and the signs of the times in many ways force it upon our attention. It is a tendency more marked, perhaps, during recent years than ever before, and more marked, probably, in our own country than in any other. This is a fact easily to be accounted for. The development of physical science is the dominant intellectual characteristic of the age, and this development, with its countless implied possibilities of material amelioration, has diverted many eyes from those things of the spirit that are so essential to the higher welfare of mankind, fixing them instead upon the objects which their lower natures demand; it has, in a word, substituted ideals of comfort for ideals of virtue and of the full-statured life of the soul. And this diversion of attention from the higher to the lower aims of life, this substitution of lesser ideals for greater, of ignoble for noble purposes, has been nowhere else so nearly complete as in this country of unexampled material resources and unexampled material prosperity.

Matthew Arnold, in one of his essays on religious subjects, has a passage exactly descriptive of our too prevalent attitude toward the educational problem. This passage, with the necessary substitution of "the humanities," or some such phrase, for the word "religion," runs as follows:

> "Undoubtedly there are times when a reaction sets in, when an interest in the processes of productive industry, in physical science and the practical arts, is called *an interest in things*, and an interest in [the humanities] is called *an interest in words*. People really do seem to imagine that in seeing and learning how buttons are made, or *papier mâché*, they shall find some new and untried vital resource; that our prospects from this sort of study have something peculiarly hopeful and animating about them; and that the positive and practical thing to do is to give up [the humanities] and turn to them."

Now a great many sincere and well-meaning people have been telling us of late that "the positive and practical thing to do" in education is to set aside such useless studies as "mere" history and literature, as "dead" languages and ancient civilizations; to restrict considerably the attention paid to most other kinds of "book" learning; and to devote the time thus reclaimed from waste to such scientific and even manual pursuits as are likely to have some direct bearing upon the everyday life of the men and women that our school-children are so soon to become.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than downright errors, and the consequences of the sciolist theory of education just outlined are in many directions manifest. For one thing, there is the loud outcry, heard in many quarters, for the introduction of "manual training" into our common-school systems, not as an adjunct to intellectual training, which it may very properly become, but as a substitute for what is contemptuously styled the *Wortkram* of the old-fashioned systems. One persistent advocate of this particular nostrum goes so far as to say that in the ideal school of his imagining "the highest text-books are tools, and how to use them most intelligently is the highest test of scholarship." In the field of higher education, the same spirit is illustrated by the immense expansion of the technological and scientific departments of our universities, at the expense, too often, of the humanities, and by the determined warfare that has been waged, during the past score of years, upon the classical and other branches of the older education.

In the development of the current popular opinion upon this all-important subject, we may distinguish two phases. To begin with, science, in the first flush of its great mid-century achievements, put forth the arrogant plea that it alone was deserving of serious consideration as an educational discipline. Mr. Spencer's famous tractate upon "Education" seemed to give cogency to this plea, and for a time did duty as a sort of gospel of the new dispensation. But the narrowness and inadequacy of that gospel became, after a while, apparent even to the less reflective of minds, and a new doctrine emerged to fit the altered educational attitude. That doctrine, which has lately been urged with considerable eloquence, is, substantially, that

all subjects are equally valuable as intellectual disciplines, and that physics and biology, if pursued in the proper spirit, are as potent to build up the full-statured life as are history, and literature, and philosophy. But there are now indications that a third phase of the discussion is at hand, and that the question of relative educational values is about to receive a more searching examination than it has ever had before. And, in this connection, it is indeed significant that the President for 1895 of the National Educational Association, in preparing his inaugural address, should have felt that the time was ripe to use such words as the following:

"If it be true that Spirit and Reason rule the universe, then the highest and most enduring knowledge is of the things of the Spirit. That subtle sense of the beautiful and the sublime which accompanies spiritual insight, and is part of it, is the highest achievement of which humanity is capable. . . . The study of nature is entitled to recognition on grounds similar to those put forward for the study of literature, of art, and of history. But among themselves these divisions of knowledge fall into an order of excellence as educational material that is determined by their respective relations to the development of the reflective Reason. The application of this test must inevitably lead us, while honoring science and insisting upon its study, to place above it the study of history, of literature, of art, and of institutional life."

Contrasted with such an ideal as this of the well-ordered education, how poor are all ideals that but proclaim the watchword of a narrow practicality. One of the finest expressions ever given to the nobler view is embodied in this passage from Newman's "Idea of a University":

"That perfection of the Intellect, which is the result of Education, and its *beau idéal*, to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres."

Nor does this higher aim concern the advanced stages of educational work alone. It should be an inspiring force in the kindergarten no less than in the college; for the child, as well as the man, does not live by bread alone, unless, indeed, it be that "pan degli Angeli" whereof Dante tells us. "Those few," he says, "are blessed who sit at the board" where it is eaten. Let it be our task to make the few the many, and the largess such as knows no stint.

The New Books.

The Life of a "Typical Englishman."*

Mr. Leslie Stephen's Life of his brother, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, is an admirable biography which may be read with interest even by those who care little for its ostensible theme. Fitzjames Stephen, eminent alike as journalist, judge, jurist, and writer on polity and jurisprudence, seems to have corresponded pretty closely in his general make-up with what we Americans have in mind when we speak of the "typical Englishman"—a type perhaps on the whole more forcible and virile than engaging. A rugged, combative, unpliable man, massive alike intellectually and physically, he could well afford to accept life (as we think he did accept it, under qualification) as an ordered form of the Hobbesian war of each against all—a grand trial of individual strengths, regulated by government charged mainly with the duty of keeping the lists and seeing fair play between the competitors. All Fitzjames Stephen asked for himself in the contest was a fair field and no favors; and we fancy he had a hearty contempt for anyone who asked for more. Our social ideals are constructed, however unconsciously, with reference to our own personal needs and aptitudes; and Fitzjames Stephen, a born athlete, was naturally not averse to an order of things in which the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. We find him once frankly declaring (though he seems to have been rather ashamed of the sentiment afterwards) that "to be stronger than other people, and to have one's own will as against them, is the deepest and most general of human desires. If it were a wish which fulfilled itself, how very strong and how very triumphant I should be." His biographer hastens, with brotherly solicitude, to style this outbreak "a mere passing velleity"; but it seems characteristic enough of the speaker.

The opening chapters contain a brief history of the Stephen family, dating from the early part of the last century, and beginning with James Stephen, a thrifty Aberdeenshire small farmer, "with no insuperable objection to dealing in contraband articles." The Stephens were a strong and prolific race, hardy and enterprising, fruitful of fine women and stalwart men. Of James, the third son of the Aberdeenshire farmer, a young giant of six feet

* Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., Judge of the High Court of Justice. By his Brother, Leslie Stephen. With Portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

three inches, tradition says that when a friend once offered him a pony to carry him home after dinner, "he made and won a bet that he would carry the pony." As an amusing contrast to this Titan may be mentioned a member of the family by marriage, one Mr. Garratt, a barrister of high character and standing, though a dwarf in stature. "Mr. Garratt!" an irascible judge once shouted, "when you are addressing the court you should stand up." "I am standing up, my lord." "Then, Mr. Garratt, you should stand upon the bench." "I am standing upon the bench, my lord," meekly rejoined Mr. Garratt. Sir James Stephen, grandson of the smuggling ancestor and father of Fitzjames and Leslie, was a really eminent man. As under Secretary of State for the Colonies, he "literally ruled the Colonial Empire," and seems to have been in his quiet way a masterful character, albeit cursed with a shyness beyond, said a colleague, "all shyness you could imagine in anyone whose soul had not been preëxistent in a wild duck." A shining Evangelical light, Sir James was ascetic by temperament, hating long dinners, abhorring port wine, and appearing to his sons a sort of living "categorical imperative." "Did you ever know your father do a thing because it was pleasant?" Lady Stephen once asked one of her children. "Yes, once — when he married you," was the young courtier's neat reply. Sir James himself used to say, and it was no empty boast, that he was one of the few people to whom it was the same thing to eat a dinner and to perform an act of self-denial. He once smoked a cigar, and found it so delicious that he never smoked again; and he indulged in snuff until it suddenly occurred to him that snuff was superfluous, when the box was solemnly emptied out of the window and never refilled.

Fitzjames Stephen was born on March 3, 1829; and, if the maternal record of his infantile doings and sayings is to be trusted, he was a remarkable child indeed, a young nonconformist much given to reflection on precepts which are commonly taken on trust, and filled with notions which resolutely declined to run in the regulation moulds. At four we find him sagely refusing to join in a hymn which expresses a premature desire "to die and be with God," on the ground that even good people may prefer to stay in this world; and, later, he evolves a kind of Benthamee-Christian theory that, as naughtiness is extremely pleasant in itself, and as we know that it is finally expiable by repentance, the true rule would be "to be naughty all your life, and to repent just at the end,"—thereby, we suppose, securing the greatest possible measure of bliss in this world, without unduly drawing on one's account in the next. Fitzjames's first school, at Brighton, was a sort of spiritual forcing-house, a young prig's paradise, where there was no cricket, no fighting, no fagging, and an excess of evangelical theology. At prayers (they were nearly always at prayers) the boys used to be questioned: "Gurney, what's the difference between justification and sanctification?" "Stephen, prove the omnipotence of God,"— and so on. Rescued betimes from Brighton, Fitzjames was sent to Eton, where, it is needless to say, there was plenty of fighting and fagging, and no evangelical or other theology to speak of. A tutor once rather naïvely excused this lack on the ground that he "was always of opinion that nothing was so important for boys as the preservation of Christian simplicity"; and Fitzjames always considered the answer a "perfectly admirable" one. Partly because he was an "up-town boy"— he lived with his parents at Windsor, and not in college — and partly because of his rather unsocial turn, Fitzjames was at first dreadfully bullied at the shrine of "Henry's holy shade." But he presently grew so tall and strong that it was dangerous to attack him. As pugnacious as Keats, the once passive victim became a doughty champion in his turn. Says an old Etonian:

> "Often have I applauded his backhanders as the foremost in the fray. He was only vanquished by numbers. His bill for hats must have amounted to a stiff figure, for my visions of Fitzjames are of a discrowned warrior, returning to Windsor bareheaded, his hair moist with the steam of recent conflict. . . . The kicks, cuffs, and hat-smashing had no other result than to steel his mind forever against oppression, tyranny, and unfairness of every kind."

We do not find that Fitzjames was among the crack verse-makers at Eton, or that he specially distinguished himself in any way — save pugilistically; but he there learned the lesson which he never forgot, that to be weak is to be wretched, that the state of nature is a state of war and *Væ Victis* Nature's primal law. His recollections of Eton (like his brother's) are not wholly flattering:

> "The teaching was 'wretched'; the hours irregular and very unpunctual; the classes were excessively large, and the tutorial instruction supposed to be given out of school frequently neglected. 'I do not believe,' says my brother, 'that I was ever once called on to construe at my tutor's after I got into the fifth form. . . .' Balston, our tutor, was a good scholar after the fashion of

the day and famous for Latin verse; but he was essentially a commonplace don. 'Stephen *major*,' he once said to my brother, 'if you do not take more pains, how can you ever expect to write good longs and shorts? If you do not write good longs and shorts, how can you ever be a man of taste? If you are not a man of taste, how can you ever hope to be of use in the world?'—a *sorites*, says my brother, which must be somewhere defective."

A man of taste Stephen *major* certainly never became, though he acquired a forcible and even brilliant prose style. For art he cared little, and for poetry less. He honestly confessed, to the dismay of the judicious Balston, that he could not see why people wrote poetry at all. "When a man has anything to say, I am always tempted to ask why he cannot say it in plain prose." The Eton course was followed by two rather profitable years at King's College, London, where the principal, Dr. Jelf, represented the high and dry, cock-sure form of Anglicanism. Says our author:

"I can remember how, a little later, I used to listen with wonder to his expositions of the Thirty-nine Articles. What a marvellous piece of good fortune it was, I used dimly to consider, that the Church of England had always hit off precisely the right solution in so many and such tangled controversies!"

At King's College, Fitzjames was much attracted by Professor Maurice, and for the time fancied himself more or less of a Mauricean. Afterwards, in his skeptical days, he used to say, picturesquely enough, of Maurice's preaching that it was like "watching the struggles of a drowning creed."

In 1847 Fitzjames entered Cambridge. The Cambridge of those days, says Mr. Leslie Stephen, had merits now too likely to be undervalued; but the course was strangely narrow. To adapt a phrase of Hume's, she virtually said to her pupils: "Is this a treatise upon geometry or algebra? No. Is it, then, a treatise upon Greek or Latin grammar, or on the grammatical construction of classical authors? No. Then commit it to the flames, for it contains nothing worth your study." In both these arenas, Fitzjames was comparatively weak. He had neither head nor heart for mere scholarship, was clumsy at calculation, and lacked the docility which so often enables a merely clever and teachable boy to outfoot rivals of ten times his real power and originality — the latter a quality which "tempts a man outside the strait and narrow path leading to the maximum of marks." So, despising at heart what he considered the trivial standards and empty pedantries of the place, Fitzjames left Cambridge without academical honors.

Three times in life Fitzjames performed duties thoroughly consonant with his talents and temper: as journalist, as legal member of the Council at Calcutta, and as a judge on the criminal bench.

In the last capacity the characteristics which impeded his fortunes at the bar—where his career is described as a series of "tantalising half-successes"—became distinctly advantages. His contempt of trickery; willingness to give, and determination to have, fair play; and his inbred disdain of all arguments not going to the substantial merits of the issue, were compatible at least with high judicial qualities. Woe to the pettifogger who tried to eke out a flimsy case by playing on the foibles or throwing technical dust in the eyes of Judge Stephen! Viewing himself as in some sort the organ of the moral sense of the community, he leaned rather to severity than mercy; and when, after a fair trial, a man had been clearly proved before him to be a scoundrel, so far from affecting the usual reluctance in passing sentence, he showed rather the grim satisfaction of a man crushing a noxious reptile. Yet he showed, in doubtful cases, an almost painful anxiety to secure fair play to the accused. One incident out of many of his love of exact justice may be quoted:

"A man accused of stabbing a policeman to avoid arrest, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. On being removed by the warders, he clung to the rail, screaming, 'You can't do it. You don't know what you are doing!' Fitzjames shouted to the warders to put him back; discovered by patient hearing that the man was meaning to refer to some circumstance in extenuation, and after recalling the witnesses found that the statement was confirmed. 'Now, you silly fellow,' he said, 'if you had pleaded "not guilty," as I told you, all this would have come out. It is true that I did not know what I was doing, but it was your own fault.' He then reduced the sentence to nine months, saying, 'Does that satisfy you?' 'Thank you,' my Lord,' replied the man, 'that's quite right,' and left the court quite cheerfully."

Stephen rigidly suppressed anything in the court-room tending to lower the dignity of the proceedings; and it is recorded that when a spectator once laughed at a piece of evidence which should have disgusted him, he promptly had the fellow placed by the side of the prisoner in the dock, and kept him there till the end of the case. The promiscuous attendance of ladies at "sensational" trials was the sharpest of thorns in his side; and he once gave offence by speaking of some persons of that sex who were fighting for admission as "women." Possibly this was during the trial of Mrs. May-

brick, a *cause célèbre* at which he presided. It will be remembered that Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of the murder of her husband, and that her sentence was commuted (with Stephen's approval) to imprisonment for life, on the ground that, although there was no doubt that she had administered poison, it was possible that her husband had died from other causes. Says Mr. Leslie Stephen:

"A great deal of feeling was aroused; Fitzjames was bitterly attacked in the press, and received many anonymous letters full of the vilest abuse. Hatred of women generally, and jealousy of the counsel for the defense, were among the causes of his infamous conduct suggested by these judicious correspondents. . . . But as attacks were made in public organs upon his behavior as judge, I think it right to say that they were absolutely without foundation. His letters show that he felt the responsibility deeply; and that he kept his mind open till the last. From other evidence I have not the least doubt that his humanity and impartiality were as conspicuous in this as in other cases, and I believe were not impugned by any other witnesses, even by those who might doubt the correctness of the verdict."

The author gives a detailed account of his brother's career in literature and journalism, at the bar and on the bench, and of his official work in India. The chapters analytical of his somewhat involved religious, philosophical, and political convictions are full of interest and suggestion. The work is finely mounted, and contains two excellent portraits. E. G. J.

France and England in North America.*

Dr. Winsor's "Mississippi Basin," like his "Cartier to Frontenac," immediately suggests comparison with one of the best and most favorably known contributions to American history. Reference is made, of course, to Mr. Parkman's series of works that are collectively known as "France and England in North America." Save that Dr. Winsor, as befits his earlier title, passes by the Huguenots in Florida, to whom Mr. Parkman devotes ten thrilling chapters, the two writers run side by side from first to last. The parallel is a suggestive one, and we shall follow it a little distance, since it will enable us to point out clearly the characteristic excellences and defects of Dr. Winsor's two works.

Mr. Parkman's volumes are marked, in the first place, by the results of laborious and successful research. They are real contributions to knowledge. But, more than this, Mr. Parkman has used his materials, so conscientiously gathered, with excellent effect, combining and presenting them with such admirable literary skill that the series is a brilliant picture, on a great canvas, of the competition of England and France for dominion in North America. In the first of these particulars, Dr. Winsor is fully Mr. Parkman's equal: he is quite as thorough in investigation. Indeed, his books are not unlikely to impress some readers as the more learned of the two. But to literary art Dr. Winsor can lay no claims. He is often forcible, and occasionally animated and picturesque; but, on the whole, he carries his narrative as heavily as Mr. Parkman carries his lightly. It is owing in part to this difference, and in part to differences in ideal and subject-matter, that the unpracticed reader is likely to overrate, comparatively, the intrinsic value of Dr. Winsor's books, as suggested above. Owing to these three causes — ideal, matter, and style — Dr. Winsor's volumes are not likely to prove attractive to the conventional general reader; but historical students and scholars will hold them in highest estimation.

It must be said that Dr. Winsor's researches have run mainly in a different channel from Mr. Parkman's; or, to be more exact, that they have run mainly in one of the two channels in which the earlier writer moved. The sub-title of the earlier work, "Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America in its Historical Relations, with full Cartographical Illustrations from Contemporary Sources," indicates what this channel is. Dr. Winsor is here seen at his best in a field that is peculiarly his own. It is a part of the field that he cultivated with such good results in the "Narrative and Critical History of America" and in the "Christopher Columbus." He now returns to it for the purpose of a richer and more thorough tillage. It is true that the present work has the alternative title, "The Struggle in America between England and France"; but geographical discovery and exploration are still kept at the fore, and the cartographical illustrations, partially changed indeed in character as the progress of history compels, are as abundant as ever. In a word, the writer's main purpose is to exhibit to his readers that gradual uncovering or disclosure which explorers of the North American continent made to the eyes of the civilized world from 1634 to 1763, or at least so much of it as was involved in the competition of the two powers

*The Mississippi Basin. The Struggle in America between England and France, 1697–1763. With full cartographical illustrations from contemporary sources. By Justin Winsor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

with which he deals. The properly equipped reader who will read these pages, and study the accompanying maps, will see unrolled before his eyes a panorama of events that, of their kind, are perhaps the most interesting that the world has seen. It is true that Mr. Parkman is also strong in this field; but his work is much less minute, while the cartographical studies and illustrations are meagre indeed when compared with Dr. Winsor's affluence of such material. It is also to be said that, in respect to discovery, the one writer dwells more upon the merely historical aspects, the other upon the scientific aspects. The further remark is to be made that, although Dr. Winsor's present sub-title is the same as the title of Mr. Parkman's series, the struggle, even relatively, is far less prominent in his pages. The value of Dr. Winsor's account lies far more in the indication of the causes that made the struggle inevitable, and that also predetermined its character and result, and especially the geographical causes, than in his handling of proper historical material. Parkman has given far more attention to the human, or strictly historical, aspects of the story. A few illustrations of the difference in method will be given.

Parkman gives a chapter of thirty-eight pages to Deerfield; Winsor barely alludes to it. Parkman finds two volumes necessary for dealing with the last act of the drama; Winsor dispatches it in one hundred pages. Parkman devotes three long chapters to Wolfe's great exploit; Winsor, barely as many pages. Parkman lengthens out his account of the fall of Louisbourg into the hands of Pepperell and Warren, in 1745, until it fills two chapters of fifty-four pages; Winsor finds a single paragraph of eleven lines sufficient. On the other hand, Winsor gives a much more minute and careful account of the establishment of the French settlements on the Gulf of Mexico and on the Lower Mississippi, and has a sharper eye for the progress of discovery in that quarter. Parkman, indeed, gives nearly forty pages to the heroic achievements of the La Vérendryes in the far West, which is about twice the space Winsor thinks necessary; but the careers of these adventurous and self-forgetting men gave Parkman one of his good opportunities for the multiplication of historical detail and picturesque writing. And so we might go on, were it necessary to go further.

It will be seen that we have chosen to characterize the work that Dr. Winsor has done in his present field rather than to deal particularly with the book before us. This is because his qualities as historian are the same throughout. Respecting the new book, it will suffice to say that he begins with defining the position of the rival claimants to North America at the close of the seventeenth century, indicating also the titles upon which they rested; that he then draws the boldest and most comprehensive outline of the grand natural features of our continent to be found in any book of history; that he then takes up the work of Iberville and Bienville on the Lower Mississippi; that he closes with the completed occupation by the English, in 1765, of the empire that the French had yielded to them two years before; and that every intervening chapter and page is filled with valuable information and discussion, the whole illustrated with such wealth of maps as to show that the author has really laid all literature under contribution. An abstract of two of his later pages will at once illustrate his method, and at the same time show why the boundary which the Treaty of Paris gave to the United States in 1782 was an impossible one.

> While the upper waters of the Mississippi were not at this time [1763] supposed to be connected with the water-system of Hudson's Bay, the contemporary cartographers placed the river's source anywhere from latitude 45° to 55°. Jefferys thought it somewhat above 45°. Samuel Dunn put it, a little later, under 46°, and he clusters several lakes about the source. Buache, the French map-maker, places the fountain at 46°, among the Sioux. A map based on Danville, and using material gathered by Governor Pownall, puts the source in a lake at 47°, due south of the Lake of the Woods. The Dutchman, Vander Aa, in 1755, puts the springs doubtfully at 55°, but in 1763 he finds reason to place a little group of three lakes, out of which the river flows from a triple source under 49°. A French map, prepared for the Company of the West, establishes the head under 50°. Bowen, in a map produced to show the treaty bounds, says the position of the source is uncertain, but that the Indians report it under 50°, and in a marshy region. Robert Rogers says the Mississippi rises in a lake "of considerable bigness" into which flows a stream through a notch in the mountains, carrying a red substance.
>
> Some geographers still clung to an older notion of interlinking inland waters, flowing in different directions. It was common for these to connect the upper waters of the Mississippi with a reticulation of lakes and streams having a dependence upon Hudson's Bay, and sometimes upon that mysterious channel which formed a union with the western sea. Roberts, an English cartographer, in 1760, makes the Mississippi rise in Lake Winnipeg. Palairet, a French map-maker, connects the sources with Lake Winnipeg, though he acknowledges the upper parts of the channel are little known. He adds that some suppose there is a connection between the Mississippi or Missouri and the Manton (Mandan) River, which he represents by a dotted line as flowing ultimately into the Sea of the West. This same device of an uncertain dotted line is used by Emanuel Bowen, in 1763, to join the upper Mississippi with the

Red River of the North. The *Neptune Française* has no hesitancy in connecting the Mississippi with Lake Winnipeg, and a most wonderful network of waters is supposed by Vander Aa on a map of 1755, where the Mississippi, Winnipeg, Lake Superior, and Hudson's Bay are all brought into a single system of communication. In 1776 Jefferys connects Winnipeg with a fanciful inlet on the Pacific coast, which D'Aguilar is supposed to have entered in 1603. Explorers were still beguiled by the Indian tales of the connection of the Missouri by means of a string of interjacent lakes with the South Sea, and there were stories which induced Carver to believe that the Shining Mountains (Rockies) stretched from about 48° north latitude toward the south, and divided the waters flowing into the Gulfs of Mexico and California. He suspected that north of 48° there was a water-system somehow connecting Hudson's Bay with the Pacific, and lying somewhere thereaway were the Straits of Anian, "which, having been discovered by Sir Francis Drake, belong of course to the English."

Even the most careful scholars commit blunders. Dr. Winsor brings La Salle to the shore of the Gulf of Mexico in 1681 (page 4), and Pineda to the mouth of the Mississippi in 1579 (page 6). On page 279 he names the south branch of the Potomac where he evidently means the north branch. The index to the work is perhaps as complete as could reasonably be expected, but the lack of an analytical table of contents is a great drawback. Then Dr. Winsor, of all writers, should be the last to omit from such a work as this all references or other indications of his sources, save the very general ones that are found in the text.

B. A. Hinsdale.

The Lowest of the Back-Boned Animals.*

Since the discovery of the vertebrate nature of the Lancelet, by Gabriel Costa, in 1834, this little creature has been an object of special interest to anatomists, to taxonomists, and to evolutionists alike. It is a vertebrate animal reduced to its lowest terms, being deprived of all those structures with which the name vertebrate is usually associated. The Lancelet, or Amphioxus (in technical nomenclature, *Branchiostoma)* is fish-like in form and habit, but it is as far below or behind the fishes as man is above or beyond them. It lacks limbs, scales, skull, brain, jaws, eyes, ears, heart, red-blood, and vertebræ. Its existence shows that all these structures are results of special development — additions not essential to the primitive definition of a "back-boned animal."

Of late it has been supposed that *Branchiostoma* is of the type of the primitive vertebrates, and that the study of its structure and embryology would give a clue to the steps by which the chordate or vertebrate animals had risen from worm-like forms. But this has not been certain, nor have the features of degeneration been clearly separated from those of primitive simplicity.

In his work on "Amphioxus and the Ancestry of the Vertebrates," Dr. Willey treats in detail all these matters, with also an account of the *Ascidians*, *Balanoglossus*, and other types near the border-line between vertebrates and invertebrates. His final conclusions are thus expressed:

"The proximate ancestor of the vertebrates was a free-swimming animal intermediate in organization between an Ascidian tadpole and *Amphioxus*, possessing the dorsal mouth, hypophysis, and restricted notochord of the former; and the myotomes, cœlomic epithelium, and straight alimentary canal of the latter. The ultimate or primordial ancestor of the vertebrates would, on the contrary, be a worm-like animal whose organization was approximately on a level with that of the bilateral ancestors of the Echinoderms."

The eight species of *Amphioxus* are all placed by Dr. Willey in one genus, *Amphioxus*. As Dr. Gill has shown, the secondary modifications of this group are better shown, for purposes of classification, by its division into four genera, — *Branchiostoma*, *Epigonichthys*, *Asymmetron*, and *Amphioxides*.

The book is a very valuable *résumé* of our knowledge of a branch of zoölogy especially interesting in its relations to evolution.

David S. Jordan.

* Amphioxus and the Ancestry of the Vertebrates. By Arthur Willey, B.Sc., Tutor in Biology, Columbia College, Balfour Student of the University of Cambridge. With a preface by Henry Fairfield Osborn. (Columbia University Biological Series, II.) New York: Macmillan & Co.

The Irrepressible Nature of Faith.*

Few persons have ever made up their reckoning so completely without their host as the earlier sceptics of the last century and of the present century.

* As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect, A. D. 54. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed. By Henry Y. Satterlee, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The United Church of the United States. By Charles Woodruff Shields. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Rays of Light from All Lands: The Bibles and Beliefs of Mankind. Editors, Rev. E. C. Towne, B.A., A. J. Canfield, D.D., and George J. Hagar. New York: Gay Brothers & Co.

Life Here and Hereafter. By Malcolm MacColl, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Foundations of Belief. By the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Thoughts on Religion. By the late George John Romanes, M.A. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Canon of Westminster. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

Attacks, which they thought would be destructive in a high degree if not final, have passed by as mere episodes in a general development of religious belief. Conventional rites and creeds — that seemed like barren fields exhausted by careless and routine tillage — broken in on, no matter where or how, have shown a soil full of seeds, capable of astonishing life. If any faith has been stripped away, it has given place, like a felled forest, to another and equally abundant form of growth. This pertinacity of life has shown itself, on the one side, in the able and sturdy defence, even with a backward trend, of older forms of faith; and on the other side, in the eagerness with which every new position is taken up in the spiritual world and fortified as if it had something of the nature of a finality. No bands of inquirers, even in science, are disposed to pitch their camp for a single night without throwing out some defensive works on the side of religious belief. The one omnipresent thought with men, more than ever before, is: How do these facts bear on man's spiritual hopes? We are impressed anew with this perennial flow of faith by the range, force, and depth of the works before us for review. With all the diversity of tendencies they present, there is no languor nor indifference.

"As Others Saw Him" is a well-written, agreeable book. It is not a product simply of the imagination, but an effort to construct, pictorially and historically, the farther side, the more unfamiliar side, of the life of Christ. The "others" in the title stand for those not his disciples, yet those whose interested attention was called out by Christ. The author strives to restore the impression which the presence and words of Christ must have made upon them. In doing this he avails himself, not merely of the Gospel narrative, but also of all sayings and representations afloat in "patristic literature." Works of this cast encounter a difficulty hard to escape. Events that are intensely momentous, preeminently historical, can accept only with some confusion of impression, and shock of feeling, an imaginary form. Earnest minds prefer a severely critical method that does not admit of any slurring of the facts, or of the evidence on which they rest. The author, however, uses the freedom of an imaginary restoration of the life of Christ with forbearance and good taste.

"A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed" is a comprehensive, able, and — abating one's own belief that it is inadequate — a profound work. It is an earnest plea for the supernatural character and force of the leading facts and doctrines of Christian faith as presented in the Apostolic Creed. It is divided into three parts. The first part endeavors to show the inadequacy of the grounds of belief which have been given by science, philosophy, ethics, natural religion, and social growth. The second part presents, on the positive side, the chief events on which Christianity rests, as the author conceives it: the self-revelation of God, the incarnation, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension, the Holy Ghost, the church, the judgment. The third part is a brief enforcement of Christian courage, knowledge, joy in the presence of this supernatural light. The book is well-fitted to impress the mind with a sense of the zeal and the redemptive power of the old forms of faith. Here is the true seed — broken indeed for many of us and left behind by the divine process of growth — out of which emerges the spiritual life of man. The work is too wide and thorough in its scope to be criticized hastily, or to be advantageously found fault with, in single details. We draw attention to a few of the general considerations which have made, and still make, against an inflexible defence of the supernatural as hitherto conceived. The words of Christ, defining our relations to God, are the very essence of naturalism. If we make religion a field foreign to science, to philosophy, to morality, to society, we, at the same time, make science, philosophy, morality, and society in the same measure fields foreign to religion. We break the harmony of the universe. We oppose religion to the universe. Evolution, rightly rendered, must find its way, does find its way, into religious faith. Faith can not be opposed to reason or put above reason. Reason must be ultimate. When faith at any point transcends reason, it owes its acceptance in that relation to reason itself.

"The United Church of the United States" is a volume made up chiefly of essays addressed, at various times, to distinguished assemblies and to the public on the question of Church Unity. The author has been, for a long time, a prominent expounder and advocate of this unity. The book is a full and accumulative presentation on the writer's part of this discussion. It seems to us characterized by an extravagant estimate of the importance of the theme, and by vagueness in its presentation. The first assertion of the preface is: "It has been becoming evident to many thoughtful observers that the chief Christian problem of our age is the Reunion of Christendom." This, in view of the social and spiritual questions at issue with us, seems a very extreme assertion. The author misconceives the value of an outer unity. "But surely, if social ills are fast coming to a crisis, it is folly to ignore them; and if organized Christianity is their only perfect remedy it is madness to withhold that remedy" (p. 260). The vagueness of the work is in keeping with the over-estimate of its subject. The unity of the Church may be spiritual or formal. The two, however, in clear discussion must be kept apart. We may dwell at liberty on the need of spiritual unity, and nobody will say us nay. The moment we propose some distinct formal union, most persons will lapse into indifference; many will violently oppose it; and the advantages to be gained by it will rapidly disappear. The author seems to us to stand with one foot on the land — the firm land of spiritual unity — and the other on the sea — the sea of rites and creeds still indeterminate in

men's minds,— and to be very careful not to throw his weight forward into the position next in order — a distinct form of union. The dispersive results of intellectual activity are not yet complete. The truly vital forces are still explorative and devisive. It is vain to try to bring them together till they begin to come together. If Episcopacy in England were to-day to be disestablished, it would be very likely to drop into three parts,— a high church, a low church, a broad church. Formal unity is to be gained by interior growth and lies far in advance of us.

"The Bibles and Beliefs of Mankind" is an after-clap of the Parliament of Religions. It is made up of three parts: The Bibles and Beliefs of Mankind — with liberal quotations; Churches and Communions associated with Christianity; Parliamentary Utterances. It is popular and pictorial in form, and has especially some fine portraits of those who took part in the Assembly of 1893. It is an effort still farther to utilize the wide impressions made by that expressive, fruitful, and somewhat scenic assembly — The Parliament of Religions.

"Life Here and Hereafter" is a volume of sermons; the earlier ones on immortality, the later ones on various subjects. They are republished from corrected newspaper reports. They are not remarkable for literary excellence, for critical investigation, or for unusual spiritual insight. Taken, however, as sermons, as plain, practical, and earnest enforcement of accepted truths, they are much to be commended. There is nothing in them conventional on the one side, nor sensational on the other. There is only a simple, well-proportional effort to draw from the truth, as apprehended by speaker and listener, its appropriate impulses. They are good sermons. They do credit to the integrity of mind and heart both of the speaker and of his audience. They have also a fair breadth of theme, touching on such topics as Party Spirit, Capital and Labor. They are such discourses as do most men good to hear or read.

The last two volumes on our list rightly claim the attention of all whose view of the world in which we are has first received the expansion of scientific thought, and is now coming under its limitations. The human mind by being too long or too exclusively occupied with one class of themes, or one method of inquiry, suffers something very like atrophy. This atrophy, unfortunately, lies, most of it, in our time, in the direction of spiritual truth. These two books in very different ways should at least serve to disclose this atrophy to those who suffer from it, and to correct it with those not confirmed in it. "The Foundations of Belief" is the product of a very active, wide-ranging mind, and one fairly familiar with, and impressible by, the facts and arguments of naturalism. Without this appreciation, nothing can now be said to much purpose in defense of faith. The drift of the book is well put by the author at the opening of the fourth part. "We have now considered beliefs, or certain important classes of them, under three aspects. We have considered them from the point of view of their practical necessity; from that of their philosophic proof; and from that of their scientific origin. Inquiries relating to the same subject-matter more distinct in their character it would be difficult to conceive. It remains for us to consider whether it is possible to extract from their combined results any general view which may command at least a provisional assent" (p. 241). The treatment will constantly call out dissent, but it will also as constantly open up wider views than those which become habitual in naturalism, and will confront its assertions with corrective principles. The author, without dogmatism, has a strong hold on the spiritual elements in our nature, and walks by reason, not as a veiled lantern, which casts its entire light on the particular path pursued, but as one which sends some disclosure in all directions. We commend the book as well fitted to help the mind out of narrow and positive opinions into wide, open possibilities. The naturalism, whose weaknesses Mr. Balfour exposes in many effective ways, is that complete naturalism which rests on a purely empirical philosophy. This naturalism, as a final and adequate theory, receives no quarter at his hands. The gist of the book is found in the relation of reason and authority as sources of belief. The author magnifies authority. Yet the ninety-nine persons and opinions resting on authority have less philosophical interest and importance than the one hundredth person and opinion making an appeal to reason. These are the points of growth. Mr. Balfour's enforcement is the enforcement of a statesman rather than of a philosopher.

"Thoughts on Religion" is remarkable in the same direction, but in another fashion. George John Romanes, during his whole life, was closely identified with inquiries involved in evolution, especially with those which unite in development the intellectual powers of animals and of men. Unlike Darwin, however, he constantly interested himself in the speculative bearings of the facts under discussion. "Theism," published by him some years ago under the designation of "Physicus," was a very thorough presentation of the grounds of unbelief. It showed no hesitancy in reaching its conclusions. He was a man of candor and of restless inquiry, and the present volume presents accumulated memoranda of beliefs slowly forming in his mind, that looked toward a complete — even more complete than many believers would accept — reconstruction of faith. As this reconstruction is as purely rational as the destruction which preceded it, the fact is most significant. Both books will make the mind a broader and better instrument in the search for truth.

JOHN BASCOM.

MESSRS. W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson have undertaken the editorship of a four-volume centenary edition of Burns, to be published in Edinburgh.

Recent Poetry.*

Among the English poets of the later Victorian period, contemporary criticism has made a fairly sharp distinction between the six *dii majores* of song and the host of minor versifiers. The consecrated group that includes Tennyson and Browning, Arnold and Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris, seems now to be separated by a pretty deep and definite gulf from the other occupants of the hill of Parnassus, and it is not probable that posterity will take a different view of the situation. Here and there a plea will doubtless be made for the admission of some outsider or other into the charmed circle of the elect, but we doubt if any of these will obtain the requisite suffrages. Among those who will, however, come the nearest to such apotheosis are two or three whose work has been practically unknown to the generation in which they have lived, for the simple reason that they have not chosen to strive for the plaudits of the crowd. Such a poet is Mr. Robert Bridges, who has until recently been but a name — and hardly that — to lovers of poetry; another such is Mr. Theodore Watts, who has only just now consented to the publication of a volume of his work. Still another is the author of the following lines, descriptive of the ambition of Phaëthon:

"As when the rathe and poignant spring divine
Sighs all too soon among the hoary woods,
And from the fleecy drifts of sodden snow
With promise and with perfume calls her buds,
And the buds open when they hear her feet,
And open but to perish. So his heart
Bloomed in a burst of immortality,
Nor feared the onward rolling vans of doom.
Yearning he had and hunger to ascend,
To sit at endless feast with purple robes
To fold his limbs in sheer magnificence,
With rays of glory round his radiant hair,
And deity effulgent in his brows:
A dream divine, whose passionate desire
Flooded his soul, till in the golden car
He trembled at the vision: as a leaf
Moved by a gale of splendour, that comes on,
When, at the point of sunrise, the wind sweeps
With sudden ray and music across the sea.
So in that rapture of presumptuous joy
He spake a dreadful and impious word;
That he was nature's lord and king of gods,
He cared not now for Zeus, how should he care?
Let the old dotard nod and doze above.
He rode the morning in unchecked career,
Apparelled in his sire's regalities,
The new Hyperion, greater than his sire;
While the swift hooves beat music to his dream:
And for a little while his heart was glad,
Throbbing Olympian ichors. For an hour
Elate, he bore an ecstasy too great
For mortal nerve, and knew the pride of gods."

This passage occurs in one of the longer of the second series of "Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical," by Lord De Tabley. It is blank verse that will bear a close examination; that needs careful scrutiny, in fact, to disclose all of its subtle beauty. Its affinities seem to be partly Landorian and partly Tennysonian, although it misses the severity of the earlier and the exquisite dreamy languor of the later poet. More strictly Tennysonian are these stanzas:

"I fain would have thee at my side,
When Spring is reaching out her hands,
When April, like a weeping bride,
Sails o'er the rosy orchard lands.

"When May winds bathe the reedy isles,
Where swans are nesting with their broods,
And sheets of sapphire pave for miles
The floors of hyacinthine woods."

Elsewhere, there may be found a touch of the sweet paganism that Mr. Swinburne so often sang for us in his earlier years. Swinburnian, although with a passion tuned to lower and more decorous pitch, is "A Hymn to Aphrodite," from which this stanza comes:

"To thee, enwreathed with passion flowers,
Our unreluctant prayers are given:
Thou art so near, when other powers
Seem worlds away in frigid heaven:
They know not, for they live apart,
The craving tumult of the heart."

In "The Wine of Life," on the other hand, we hear such a grave philosophic note as Arnold so often gave us:

"How idle for a spurious fame
To roll in thorn-beds of unrest;
What matter whom the mob acclaim,
If thou art master of thy breast?

"If sick thy soul with fear and doubt,
And weary with the rabble din,—
If thou wouldst scorn the herd without,
First make the discord calm within.

"If we are lords in our disdain,
And rule our kingdoms of despair,
As fools we shall not plough the main
For halters made of syren's hair."

Yet with all these suggestions of other poets, we never feel that Lord De Tabley is an imitator. He speaks with his own voice, and we must hold either the *Zeitgeist* or the spirit of classical culture responsible for whatever similarities may be noted be-

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*Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical. By Lord De Tabley. Second Series. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Poems. By Lionel Johnson. Boston: Copeland & Day.

Homeward Songs by the Way. By A. E. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher.

Ballads and Other Verse. By A. H. Beesly. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The New World. With Other Verse. By Louis James Block. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sonnets and Lyrics. By Katrina Trask. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

Poems. By John B. Tabb. Boston: Copeland & Day.

Philoctetes, and Other Poems and Sonnets. By J. E. Nesmith. Cambridge: The Author.

Distaff and Spindle. Sonnets by Mary Ashley Townsend. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Chocorua's Tenants. By Frank Bolles. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In Woods and Fields. By Augusta Larned. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Bank of Violets. Verses by Fanny H. Runnells Poole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

God's Parable, and Other Poems. By Susanna Massey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Blue and Gold. By William S. Lord. Chicago: The Dial Press.

tween his work and that of his contemporaries. The dignity of his thought and the knowledge which he displays (particularly of the intimate aspects of nature), added to the true poetic feeling that pervades his work, warrant the belief that his place at the Victorian banquet-board will prove a high one, late-comer though he be at the feast.

Mr. Lionel Johnson is one of the younger English men of letters, and has heretofore been known by a number of delicate critical studies, mostly published in the English reviews. He now puts forth a volume of "Poems," gleaned from the work of something less than ten years, and bearing much evidence of thoughtful workmanship. The main current of the thought which they embody is one of religious mysticism, adorned with the symbols of the Romanist faith. Other influences at work in his verse are the racial feeling of the Celt, and the ideals of Greek and Latin literature. An elegiac strain pervades the work, and may be detected in many of the poems besides those that are frankly commemorative. The blending of classical and Christian motive is happily illustrated in the two poems, "Men of Assisi" and "Men of Aquino," the one singing of Propertius and St. Francis, the other of Juvenal and St. Thomas. We quote the opening and closing stanzas of the former poem:

"A crown of roses and of thorns;
A crown of roses and of bay:
Each crown of loveliness adorns
Assisi, gleaming far away
On Umbrian heights, in Umbrian day.

"One bloomed, when Cynthia's lover sang
Cynthia, and revelry, and Rome:
And one his wounded hands did hang
Whose heart was lovelier Love's dear home;
And his, an holier martyrdom.

. . . . . .

"O city on the Umbrian hills:
Assisi, mother of such sons!
What glory of remembrance fills
Thine heart, whereof the legend runs:
These are among my vanished sons."

The purely elegiac strain may be illustrated by the lines "To a Traveller."

"Fare thee well, O strong heart! The tranquil night
Looks calmly on thee: and the sun pours down
His glory over thee, O heart of might!
Earth gives thee perfect rest:
Earth, whom thy swift feet pressed:
Earth, whom the vast stars crown."

The religious vein of Mr. Johnson's verse, in one of its simpler aspects, finds beautiful expression in a prayer to the Virgin on behalf of a fishing hamlet.

"Mary, Star of the Sea!
Look in this little place:
Bless the kind fisher race,
Mary, Star of the Sea!

"Send harvest from the deep,
Mary, Star of the Sea!
Mary, Star of the Sea!
Let not these women weep."

We might illustrate another of the marked currents of the author's thought by the fine poem on "The Classics," but prefer to take the briefer "Sortes Virgilianæ," a sonnet in *alexandrines*.

"Lord of the Golden Branch, Virgil! and Cæsar's friend:
Leader of pilgrim Dante! Yes, *things have their tears:*
So sighed thy song, when down sad winds pierced to thine ears
Wandering and immemorial sorrows without end.
And things of death touch hearts, that die: Yes; but joys blend,
And glories, with our little life of human fears:
Rome reigns, and Cæsar triumphs! Ah, the Golden Years,
The Golden Years return: this also the Gods send.

"*O men who have endured an heavier burden yet!*
Hear you not happy airs, and voices augural?
For you in these last days by sure foreknowledge set,
Looms no Italian shore, bright and imperial?
Wounded and worn! What Virgil sang, doth God forget?
Virgil, the melancholy, the majestical."

Arnold is the only other poet that we know of who has made such beautiful use of the *sunt lacrymæ rerum*,

"The Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears in mortal things."

The masterpieces of modern literature have inspired some of Mr. Johnson's best verses, and notably the poem upon the Brontë sisters, which has the following close:

"Children of fire! The Muses filled
Hellas with shrines of gleaming stone;
Your wasted hands had strength to build
Gray sanctuaries, hard-hewn, wind-blown.

"Over their heights, all blaunched in storm,
What purple fields of tempest hang!
In splendour stands their mountain form,
That from the sombre quarry sprang.

"Now the high gates lift up their head;
Now stormier music, than the blast,
Swells over the immortal dead:
Silent and sleeping, free at last.

"But from the tempest, and the gloom,
The stars, the fires of God, steal forth:
Dews fall upon your heather bloom,
O royal sisters of the North!"

Our last citation shall be a fragment from the beautiful tribute to our own Hawthorne.

"Hesperian soul! Well hadst thou in the West
Thine hermitage and meditative place:
In mild, retiring fields thou wast at rest,
Calmed by old winds, touched with aërial grace:
Fields, whence old magic simples filled thy breast,
And unforgotten fragrance balmed thy face."

We have sought, in making the above quotations, to represent Mr. Johnson, as every poet should be represented, by his best work, and there is little need to state how good that work is. But it is due in justice to say that much of his work is faulty, either in technique or in thought. There are many poems in which, while we are conscious of a profusion of poetical material, we must recognize that the material has not been properly elaborated; the expression is diffuse and the thought far from clear. How imperfect the technique may be, a single verse will show. "Well couldst thou justify severe thoughts then" is a phrase which one would hardly suspect of being a verse, did it not occur in what is clearly meant for a poem. Such a verse may fairly justify a few severe thoughts on the part of the critic, however well he may wish its author.

A deep feeling of the unity of the universe finds expression in "Homeward Songs by the Way." To pierce through the veils of sense, discerning the transcendental realities beyond; and then to interpret these realities in half-mystical language, yet with all the glow of sensuous imagery,—this has been the essential task of the true poet whose personality is modestly hidden beneath the initials that alone acknowledge authorship of the beautiful little book before us. "I moved among men and places," so runs the preface, "and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with homesickness, I made these songs by the way." One is reminded over and over again of such poems as Emerson's "Brahma" and Mr. Swinburne's "Hertha," even more, perhaps, of Vaughan's mystical song. "Dusk" is an exquisite example of this writer's work.

"Dusk wraps the village in its dim caress;
Each chimney's vapour, like a thin grey rod,
Mounting aloft through miles of quietness,
Pillars the skies of God.

"Far up they break or seem to break their line,
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and nod
Under the light of those fierce stars that shine
Out of the calm of God.

. . . . . .

"Only in clouds and dreams I felt those souls
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod;
From which in clouds and dreams the spirit rolls
Into the vast of God."

A second note of this collection, or rather a corollary of its main thesis, is foreshadowed in the words already quoted: "In living I learned the truth at last." The ultimate harmonies of thought must come to the soul as the resolution of the discords of life. Says "The Man to the Angel":

"I have wept a million tears.
Pure and proud one, where are thine?
What the gain, though all thy years
In unbroken beauty shine?

"All your beauty cannot win
Truth we learn in pain and sighs:
You can never enter in
To the Circle of the Wise."

One more example must suffice us, and this pair of quatrains it shall be:

"I heard them in their sadness say
'The earth rebukes the thought of God;
We are but embers wrapped in clay
A little nobler than the sod.'

"But I have touched the lips of clay:
Mother, thy rudest sod to me
Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
And haunted by all mystery."

This is the poet's even nobler way of saying what Tyndall so nobly said in the Belfast address, when he swept away the reproach of materialism by bidding us view the material world in the new light of modern physical science.

A few bluff and stirring ballads, some lyrics and meditative pieces in rough or unconventional metres, and a few classical echoes, are the contents of Mr. Beesly's "Ballads and Other Verse." The work, as a whole, displays poetic energy rather than poetic art, and but a moderate degree of either quality. The influence of Browning is very marked, as in

"'Life worth living?' Well, maybe
Not by you, I agree,
If the best of it you pawn
For a yawn,"

or in the dramatic piece, "A Woman's Last Word":

"Dead? Yes. I see him stark there on the bed,
Thank God, stone-dead.
Nor can I, as you preach to me I ought,
Think one kind thought,
Or say one soft word to his memory,
Howe'er I try.
'*De Mortuis*'—it is a fool who writes
For hypocrites;
Better without false tear or feignèd ruth
The whole, black truth.
God! how I always hated him, and how
I hate him now.
By him, I tell you, even from the first,
My life was cursed:
He made me traitress to divinest trust,
And his hands thrust
Away whatever nobleness I had
And made it bad,
Whatever sweetness took my fancy thrall
He turned to gall,
Whatever woke in me of steadfast will
He stifled still,
Whatever spark was struck of generous flame
He quenched in shame:
Had he but made my body loth to live
I could forgive,
But not the mocking thief who stained and stole
My very soul."

The quotation must end here, but the whole piece is finely conceived.

One half of Mr. Block's new volume of verse is made up of a single poem—"The New World"—published two years ago as "El Nuevo Mundo," and then reviewed in these pages. Of the remaining contents, the most important, or at least the most ambitious, are the long poems upon Goethe, Dante, and Plato, and "The Friendship of the Faiths." The latter work, which was read at the Parliament of Religions in 1893, has also had previous publication. Besides these lengthy productions, the volume contains several carefully-finished sonnets, poetical tributes to Lowell, Whitman, David Swing, and Alice Cary, and a few short lyrics. We hardly need to repeat upon this occasion the high estimate previously given of Mr. Block's work, of its opulent vocabulary, its dignity, its high seriousness, and, in the longer poems, its largeness of utterance. The defects of these qualities sometimes appear, indeed, for the vocabulary includes some words that had better have been spared, and the utterance, while large, is sometimes also a little thick. Mr. Block is best when his expression is most nearly simple, as in the following paraphrase of certain familiar Goethean ideas:

"He only wins his freedom truly,
Who daily wins it fresh and fair;
He only rises ever newly
Into the regions of the purer air
Who falters not for blame nor praise,
But lives in strenuous and victorious days.
Past the times that bore and held him
Looked the gray poet with his quenchless gaze,
Some dear vision hovered and compelled him
Toward the Future's sunnier ways.
Over the ocean's welter westward
Sped his hope and strengthening thought,
Where each tenth wave rolled higher to crestward
Even as Fate rose nobler wrought."

This stanza from the poem on Dante is also an example of sincere and heartfelt expression:

"We climbed that Mount where pain is held and sought
As expiation of the luckless deed,
We heard the hymns of deep contrition wrought,
We saw the stars that glowed for each one's need;
We felt the mountain thrill,
And knew some happier will
Had found release from its long-harbored grief,
And in the Heavens its fit and sure relief."

Perhaps the most satisfactory thing in the whole volume is the Dante-suggested sonnet, "The Garden Where There Is No Winter," which readers of THE DIAL will remember.

A delicate spirituality is also the predominant note in the "Sonnets and Lyrics" of Mrs. Trask, whose post-Arthurian idyls ("Under King Constantine") we had the pleasure of praising two or three years ago. This fine sonnet exhibits Mrs. Trask's work at its best:

"I wander in the desert of this world,
See God's effulgence for a moment's space
On some Mount Sinai, then come face to fate
With altars to the Golden Calf. Thus hurled
From holy heights, my soul in depths is whirled;
Yea, from the Blessed swiftly to the base.
Ah! 't is a desolate and barren place;
My heart is weary; — but, behold! unfurled
Before me floats a fleecy cloud of light,
A roseate pillar through the toiling day,
Illumining the desert's arid sand;
And, lo! a vivid guiding flame by night.
'T is Love that goes before me on my way,
And leads me onward to the Promised Land."

The chaste and tender diction of the poems from which this selection comes is unfailing in its charm, and the beauty of the soul which can thus express itself is everywhere manifest.

The "Poems" contained in Father Tabb's modest little volume are the merest seed-pearls of song, so simple and unpretentious they are. Many of them are only quatrains, and few (the group of sonnets excepted) fill more than eight or ten lines. "Narcissus" is a good example:

"The god enamoured never knew
The shadow that beguiled his view,
Nor deemed it less divinely true
Than Life and Love.

"And so the poet, while he wrought
His image in the tide of thought,
Deemed it a glimpse in darkness caught
Of light above."

The author is certainly an adept in the compact presentation of detached thoughts; his taste is well-nigh faultless, and the stamp of spirituality is upon every page of his book.

Some one has cynically remarked that almost anyone can write sonnets, but that few can read them. Certain it is that the writing of sonnets is becoming more and more affected by the minor poets of England and America, and it is equally certain that many of these attempts at one of the most difficult of verse-forms serve mainly to illustrate the well-known saying about reckless fools and timorous angels. The "Distaff and Spindle" of Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, for example, is a volume containing nothing but sonnets—sixty-nine of them; and, while her verse displays much poetic sensibility and fineness of perception, it should have been cast in any mould other than that of the sonnet. We do not now speak of such technical imperfections as the scant verse "Odorous invisibility," or of such lapses from poetic diction as "The phonograph, that marvel of our age," but rather of the fact that these pieces, far from being "moments' monuments," are nothing more than so many short didactic and discursive poems, among which one would seek in vain for other than accidental illustrations of the fundamental principles of sonnet-structure. The example which we are about to quote comes far nearer than most of the poems to what a sonnet ought to be, and is chosen because it is always our wish, in these reviews of current verse, to represent a writer by the best that he has to give us.

"Come forth, Beloved! the hour has grown so still
That I can almost hear the violets blow,
And hear the sap stir in the palms below
The lawn, and, listening, seem to hear that thrill
The lily feels when, bending down to fill
From urns of dusk her petals with the slow
Sweet-odored dews that out of darkness grow,
One ardent star comes trysting o'er the hill!
I believe that I could hear if even a thought,
Or yearning glance, of thine this way should pass,
Or if thy white soul beckoned me apart;
Love has a sense so delicately wrought
That it could hear thy shadow cross the grass,
Or thy chill silence drifting toward my heart!"

We would say of this volume, in conclusion, that it would have been the gainer had the effort expended in searching for strange expressions and verbal effects been directed to the more important tasks of polishing the rhythm, illuminating the structure, and reducing by one the number of rhymes that the author has allowed herself in her sestets.

What we have just said of Mrs. Townsend's sonnets applies also in considerable measure to those—fifty or sixty in number—in Mr. Nesmith's volume. Yet in this case the poetic energy is so marked, the stuff so various and well-fitted for treatment, and the thought so compact, that the failings of the poems considered strictly as sonnets become less apparent. Mr. Nesmith has studied good models —Rossetti, Wordsworth, Milton—and echoes from

them all at times strike the ear. What, for example, can be more Rossettian than this:

"What drear encampment of encircling glooms,
Or sick surmise of culminating fate,
Can bid To-day put off her eddying plumes,
Her orb, her ornaments, and purpled state"?

A certain austerity of feeling also not infrequently suggests Matthew Arnold or E. R. Sill, with the latter of whom the author seems to have no slight degree of spiritual kinship. One of the best of the sonnets is "Subtle Spring":

"What subtle touch upon what secret string,
What naked bleakness of wind-withered bowers,
What frozen barrenness of wintry hours,
What sick surmise, forlorn imagining,
Makes sad the haunting melody of Spring;
Her songs, her pomp, her verdure and her blooms,
Her friends, her coronals, and eddying plumes,—
While all the cherubs of the morning sing?
Subtle as Sphinx is she, too subtly wise
To dull the soul with undisturbed content;
But with suggestions sad and subtly blent,
She weaves in her enchanting mystery
Musings and thoughts that touch eternity,—
The songs of April and the breath of sighs."

The spirit thus described is very different from the riotous Spring invoked by Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's magnificent sonnet, but it represents with no less fidelity its own temperamental point of view. It will be noticed from the quotations above made that Mr. Nesmith takes all sorts of liberties with the form of the sonnet, that if a phrase pleases his fancy he does not hesitate to use it more than once, and that he is not careful to avoid pressing a word too often into service in the same context. Five poems which are not sonnets are included in the volume, and one of them, "Philoctetes at Lemnos," gives it a title. We are less impressed by this fragmentary imitation of Greek tragedy than by the fine "Hymn of Nature" that follows — a poem of unusual imaginative power and felicity of phrase. On the whole, although the present volume hardly exhibits an advance upon the "Monadnoc" of six years ago, it sustains the note sounded by that noteworthy volume, and we are glad to repeat something of the praise then bestowed by us upon the author in these pages.

A copy of verses left among the manuscripts of the late Frank Bolles has just been published, and reveals that lover of nature in a new light. It is called "Chocorua's Tenants," and describes the sayings and doings of a dozen or more of the birds of New England. It cannot be said that the author had the poetical gift in any marked degree, and these verses, in the trochaic metre of "Hiawatha," may be praised, not as verses, but simply as a new illustration of the author's fine and sympathetic quality of observation, of his intimate feeling for the message of nature — of birds, and flowers, and rugged mountain fastnesses. One example is as good as another for our present purpose of illustration, and hence, opening the book almost at random, we pluck from its pages these lines:

"Midway in the month of roses,
When beside the brook is blooming,
Pure and shy, the sweet linnæa;
In the pines, among the beeches,
On the boulders, cawing, scolding,
All the crows in Crowlands gather.
Then it is the young are learning
How to stand and beat their pinions,
How to caw, and croak, and bluster.
Happy days those days in June-tide;
Days of feasting, days of plunder."

Not upon mountain slopes, but "In Woods and Fields," are set the scenes of Miss Larned's musings. They are pretty, tasteful lyrics, soaring to no heights, but tender with reflections of the beauty of nature in her restful moods. Let us take, for example, some verses written "At Evening":

"Within this hushed and sacred hour
The silence blossoms like a flower,
And color melts unseen away,
And leaves the silver and the gray;
So thought gives place to vague content,
The soul of music twined and blent
With reveries dim and pleasing throng,
A soundless chant, a wordless song."

Another thin volume, Mrs. Poole's "A Bank of Violets," has natural beauty for its keynote, although the fancy sometimes wanders into the world of books and men. We cannot do better than reprint the opening triolet:

"Were Poetry the sweet south breeze,
To breathe upon my violets,
Delight would thrill the neighboring trees
Of Helicon; and Fancy ease
Her heart in far-heard triolets,—
Were Poetry the sweet south breeze
To breathe upon my violets!"

Miss Susanna Massey's volume, "God's Parable and Other Poems," takes a wider range than the collection just mentioned, and finds inspiration in life rather than nature. Its contents include the long titular poem — a sort of dramatic idyl — some bits of French verse, a translation from the "Chansons de Guzla," echoes of European travel, songs, and sonnets. We reproduce the irregular sonnet called "An Aspiration."

"Peak piled on peak, like dim cathedral spires,
Prick the light lace-work of the amber sky.
On the green slopes weird, twisted shadows lie,
Cast, dark and writhing, from the sun's fierce fires.
Upward we strain our gaze, the soul aspires
Unto those heights! Oh, but for wings to fly,
To mount and mount with zeal that never tires —
To burst Earth's clod and live, though we should die.

"To reach the vast Beyond — ah, that Beyond,
Which only once was bared to mortal eyes
On Pisgah's mount! To knit the unseen bond,
That twixt the Infinite and Finite lies!
The pent soul struggles, and the heart grows fond,
Whilst dimmer through our tears, the dim peaks rise."

It is a pity that so unpardonable a license of form should mar what is otherwise an excellent sonnet. A lack of technical finish, we should add, is frequently to be observed in Miss Massey's poems.

Our final word shall be given to the sheaf of unpretentious verses called "Blue and Gold." They are hardly more than the recreations of a few idle

hours, but are marked by good taste and kindly sentiment, and are pleasant enough to read. Mr. Lord is most engaging when he sings of childhood, as in "Nautical Ned."

> "I sing of a toddling mariner chap,
> With wide flowing trousers and sailor's cap;
> His little warm jacket, with buttons and braid,
> Bespeaks the bold rover to run a blockade.
> No longer miscall him — when all has been said,
> His name is not Edward, but Nautical Ned;
> A wee little, free little, fellow is he,
> And yet he 's a regular man of the sea."

Mr. Lord has also written some acceptable sonnets, one of which, on "The Sonnet" itself, would be deserving of much praise did its author not fall into the pit dug for those who have not learned to discriminate in the use of "shall" and "will."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A new study of the capabilities of man versus woman.

In his volume entitled "Man and Woman," Mr. Havelock Ellis, the editor of the "Contemporary Science Series" (Scribner) in which the book appears, presents data resulting from a dozen years' reading in sociological and anthropological literature. The author has tried to gather and to present clearly our actual knowledge regarding the secondary sexual characters in the human species. The work is a timely contribution. Just at this time it is commonly asserted that woman is capable of undertaking and accomplishing almost anything and everything that man can do. The idea is necessarily erroneous. Inherent differences due to sex are present in the whole of human life. Woman can never do man's work; man can never do the work of woman. Each sex is adapted to a particular sphere of activity. This is not to assert that woman is man's inferior, either wholly or in most respects. But man and woman are necessarily unlike. The male is everywhere militant, active; the female is everywhere industrial, passive. This fundamental distinction exists not only in humanity; it goes throughout the animal and vegetable series until one gets very far down. No number of social experiments or emancipations will ever do away with it. Militancy demands the harmonious combination of certain characteristics: industrialism demands an equally happy combination of other characteristics. Neither is superior, neither inferior; for race perpetuation and progress, both must be present, and both well characterized. To study these combinations of qualities is a legitimate task in science. In his book Mr. Ellis breaks ground in this direction. Anatomical, physiological, psychical comparisons are made. Too little definite work has been done by original investigators for the book to give much of final conclusion. But it is an excellent compilation of present knowledge, and points out hopeful lines for future work. Mr. Ellis himself appears to conclude that women are nearer like children than like men; that women are not undeveloped men; and that the child represents a higher degree of evolution than the adult. He appears also to expect a gradual approximation between the sexes, in which man may go further to reach the common ground than will woman. While not very fully agreeing with the author's deductions, we can heartily commend the book to thoughtful readers.

Mr. Smalley's studies of men.

That stanch Tory and amusing *quidnunc*, Mr. G. W. Smalley, signalizes his return to democracy and his native heath by reprinting in book form a number of his London letters to the New York "Tribune," under the title "Studies of Men" (Harper). The papers are all chatty and readable, and filled with a certain unconscious humor for which the writer is noted. Thackeray should have known Mr. Smalley. The "Studies" are largely concerned with the nobility and gentry, with whom the author seems to have been on almost as good terms as "Mrs. Jarley"; and the name of that eminent layer of cornerstones and glass of fashion, the Prince of Wales, crops up with agreeable frequency. Literary and political lights are not neglected, there being some very good papers, in the journalistic way, on Tennyson, Professor Jowett, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Balfour, and others. One of the best of them is "A Visit to Prince Bismarck," reprinted from the "Fortnightly Review." Mr. Smalley tells a story of Lord Granville, then Foreign Minister, which he thinks very characteristic of him, and which we quote as very characteristic of Mr. Smalley. Lady Granville was giving a party at the Foreign Office, and host and hostess were receiving their guests on the landing of the great staircase. It was a notably grand affair. Mr. Smalley was there, and the Prince and Princess of Wales were momentarily expected. At this solemn juncture were announced — "let us say Mr. and Mrs. Jones — two very humble units in the brilliant procession which was advancing up the staircase. In another country than England it would hardly be understood, but here a guest not known to the Foreign Minister or his wife may easily enough pass both of them in the crush without recognition. Lord Granville knew Mr. Jones, and shook hands with him. Mrs. Jones, with a dozen other ladies equally unremarked, was passing on. The first notes of 'God Save the Queen,' proclaiming the approach of the royalties, were heard just then. Lord Granville heard them, but he stopped Mr. Jones, with that leisurely manner which he had in such perfection, and said: 'Pray introduce me to Mrs. Jones before you go up.' And he found time to murmur a polite greeting in Mrs. Jones's ear, while the music swelled and the Prince and Princess drew near; and he reached the hall to receive them, with an infinitesimal fraction of a second to spare." Of such small phenomena Mr. Smalley is the keenest of observers and most unctuous of chroniclers.

A hopeful view of the future of English drama.

Mr. Arthur Henry Jones is not only the author of successful plays, such as "The Middleman," "The Tempter," etc., but he is also an agreeable writer on subjects pertaining to the dramatic art. His lectures and essays of the last ten years have covered nearly every phase of the dramatic situation in England; and these he has now published in a volume called "The Renascence of the English Drama" (Macmillan). At a time when so much is said and written of the hopelessness of the dramatic outlook, it is pleasing to find one well-informed writer taking a cheerful view of the case. Mr. Jones pronounces the present a very critical period in the history of the English drama, the two most recent schools having perished because they failed to furnish any satisfaction to the artistic sense, and supplied only amusement. But in the last few years an improvement in public taste begins to be manifested; audiences have become educated at least up to the point where they can detect artificiality and insincerity in plays. He has hopes for the foundation of a school of modern English drama, for a school of plays of serious intention, plays that implicitly assert the value and dignity of human life, that deal with its great passions and great aims, and show that it is full of meaning and of moment. Another interesting feature of the book is Mr. Jones's contention that the chief tests of a good play are "literature and character-painting." The test of a good play, we are usually told, is, "How will it act?" Our author grants only that this is the test of a *popular* play; that the test of a really *good* play is, "Can it be read as well as acted?" Mere ingenuity of situation, dramatic surprises, and complications of a story, are at bottom worthless unless they illustrate and develop human character; and every dramatic work of lasting value will stand the test as literature and as character-painting, though it may not stand any other test. The author has a great admiration for Matthew Arnold, as is apparent not only by his direct tributes occasionally, but by his imitations, probably unconscious, of Arnold's literary style. There is, in both, the same fondness for reiteration of a happy phrase (for example, the "billy-cock-hat criticism"), the same tendency to humor of a somewhat frisky order, the same type of allusions, as well as the same high qualities of directness, simplicity, and insight.

Some very childish "Moods."

The second volume of "Moods" ("a Journal Intime, wherein the Artist and the Author pleaseth himself") is upon us before we have noticed the first. We hasten, therefore, with a slight remark on the second, in order that the third may not find us still among those who are unimpressed by this manifesto of the youth of the day. Certain things about this publication will be remarked by everyone: we need merely note that such an artistic publication is always, in a general way, a good thing, as showing some movement of ideas; that this particular one is an imitation of the "Yellow Book"; that it is quite amateurish, especially in its pictures; that the Jenson Press ("Makers of Unique Volumes") is kept rather too prominently before the reader; and that it must be pleasant for the young artists of this country to have some city of refuge from those cold encouragers of youthful genius, the "Century Magazine" *et aliis*. Having said so much, the whole contents of "Moods" may well enough pass without special comment, and one or two general remarks on the publication will be sufficient for practical purposes. The first is that, while there are several things that one may easily acknowledge to be quite clever, there is nothing from cover to cover (in Volume Two) that absolutely compels admiration. This is a pity; a few such things give sufficient reason for a publication of this kind. One would think that in such a movement of generous-hearted young men and women, there would surely be something which would make one say, "That's the real thing; that fellow has the right stuff in him; there's a lot of rubbish about it, but it's a thing you have to acknowledge, whether you like it or not." But no such genuine feeling has disturbed the mind of any reader of "Moods." There's not a spark of real life. The second thing to observe is that there is a tone of indelicacy and immodesty in the book which is unbecoming. We use these mild words, because stronger ones would seem to indicate a certain virility or manliness which is absent. The publication is by no means wholly improper; but about half of the young men of the day have written things which their mothers will be pained to read. Mr. Owen Wister and Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte give rather slight assistance in counterbalancing the childishness of the rest, but they have much to contend with. We have then, on the whole, a book without anything of commanding excellence, and with a great deal that really demands the contempt that such ventures as "Moods" are too apt to receive.

A new life of the Chinese Viceroy.

Volume II. of a useful series of studies of "Public Men of To-day" (Warne) is a "Life of Li Hungchang," by Professor Robert K. Douglas. Considering the obvious difficulties in the way of the biographer of a Chinese statesman, the author has done his work remarkably well, tracing intelligibly the military and diplomatic career of the Viceroy from his first active services at the time of the T'aip'ing Rebellion, down to the late ruffianly assault upon him in the streets of Shimonoseki. With many admirable qualities, and even a certain sense of the superiority of Western nations in point of practical science and the mechanical arts, Li has never been able to shake off the chains of the fatal conservatism which have bound his countrymen for ages. The evidence of his senses has forced upon him the unwelcome fact that in the appliances of industry and warfare the "barbarians" of the West and their facile imitators in Japan have far outstripped his countrymen; but never for an instant has been shaken his implicit

belief in "the ineffable wisdom of the founders of Chinese polity, or in the superiority of the civilization of China over that possessed by any other nation on the face of the earth." Nevertheless, Li Hungchang has rendered his country signal services. It is a pity that his long and heretofore relatively useful career should close with a series of national disasters due to his fatal inability to read aright the drift of Japanese policy in Korea. With China and Japan in accord, and Korea strengthened and developed into an effective "buffer" state, Russian advance to the southward would receive a serious check; and it is plainly the Russian *Drang nach Süden* that furnishes the key to Japan's activity in the "Hermit State." Heinrich Heine once predicted that the time would come when all Europe would "smell of Russian leather." The spirit of the prediction, or the thought that inspired it, has long pervaded the diplomacy of the Orient; and that so astute a man as Li, filled moreover with a wholesome dread of the "grasping policy of Russia," should have failed to join hands with Japan in the Korean matter, is surprising enough. The volume contains portraits of Li Hungchang and of Vice-Admiral Ito.

A collection of Alpine sketches.

Dr. G. F. Browne's "Off the Mill" (Macmillan) is chiefly made up of papers on Alpine subjects, which first appeared some thirty years ago in various periodicals. These productions will be of some interest to the present generation of Alpine climbers as reflecting the conditions that faced the amateur mountaineer before *Einspänners* and the like valetudinary helps had made the ascent of Mont Blanc comparatively a rather commonplace, not to say cockney, affair. Your genuine mountaineer nowadays, men like Messrs. Conway and Whymper, are content with nothing short of the Andes and the Himalayas. Dr. Browne's Alpine sketches, we learn, were originally printed with illustrations, "the earliest, or almost the earliest, of Mr. Du Maurier's work"; and these *chefs-d'œuvre* have, we regret to say, been omitted from the reprint on the singular plea that "the great change which has taken place in the ladies' dress would cause the illustrations to *seem unreal*." The creator of "Trilby" is not just the man, perhaps, to do justice to the Alps; but we should very much like to see what he would make of them. Other papers in the volume are: "A Night with a Salmon," "The Engadine," "Collecting Ancestors," "Archæological Frauds in Palestine" (a very good one), "Pontresina," etc.

History of the early novel.

Professor F. M. Warren's "History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century" (Holt) is a useful contribution to literary history, although it is a somewhat discursive production, and not as well written as it ought to be. The idea of the book was suggested by Körting's "History of the French Novel in the Seventeenth Century," and the method of study derived from Rohde's "History of the Greek Novel." After an introductory chapter, which aims chiefly at distinguishing between the terms "story," "romance," and "novel," the author discusses in successive chapters the Greek novel, the romance of chivalry, the Italian and Spanish pastoral, and the Spanish *picaresque* novel. Lengthy analyses are given of such works as the "Amadis of Gaul," the "Palmerin of England," the "Arcadia" of Sannazaro, the "Diana" of Montemayor, and the "Lazarillo de Tormes." The author deserves much credit for the patience with which he has read and summarized these wearisome productions, and for the measure of success with which he has traced the ancestry of the typical forms of modern fiction. For a large part of the ground covered by this work, we had, previous to its appearance, nothing better than Dunlop in English; and Dunlop, viewed in the light of modern criticism, leaves much to be desired.

Readings from old English dramatists.

Two volumes of "Readings from the Old English Dramatists" (Lee & Shepard) have been compiled by Mrs. Erving Winslow, the selections being connected and introduced by some discussion of the successive dramatic periods thus represented. Beginning with a chapter called "Miracle to Masque," the subject is carried through the "Comedy of the Eighteenth Century." The compiler has shown much skill and taste, together with occasional originality. The chapter on "Minor Elizabethan Dramatists" is noteworthy because it is an appreciative tribute to a class of men that commonly have scant justice done them. The readings here are from Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," from Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," and Heywood's "A Woman Killed with Kindness." Speaking of the first appearance on the stage of women actors, in place of the boys who had previously played the women's parts, the author makes this striking observation: "Here is a mystery,— with all the advantages offered to the modern dramatist by the greatest actresses, it is but rarely that he moulds a perfect woman for the stage; while the ancient poets were inspired by these beardless youths to some of their most delicate productions, and sex seems never to have been forgotten."

BRIEFER MENTION.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the exceptionally neat and well-edited German texts that have recently been published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. They include Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," edited by Mr. A. B. Nichols; Scheffel's "Trompeter von Säkkingen," edited by Miss Mary A. Frost; a volume of "German Prose and Poetry for Early Reading," edited by Mr. T. B. Bronson; and a selection of "Deutsche Gedichte," edited by Dr. Camillo von Klenze. Mr. Bronson's volume includes Hauff's "Karawane" and many shorter pieces; Dr. von Klenze's book is devoted

to "characteristic German literary ballads and lyrics since the dawn of the classical period."

Professor B. A. Hinsdale's work on "The American Government, National and State" (Werner) was first published four years ago, and now reappears in a revised edition, printed entirely from new plates, and embodying many alterations and improvements. The work must be regarded as one of the best of our college text-books, and as an invaluable aid to teachers of the subject in our lower schools. Compactness, careful arrangement of matter, and a plain forcible style, all commend the book to both teacher and student. The treatment is throughout historical, and the State governments get their due share of attention.

The constant and increasing demand for Dr. Maspero's "Manual of Egyptian Archæology" has caused the publishers (Putnam) to issue a new edition "in as light and portable a form as possible." This new edition has been revised and enlarged by the author himself, and made more useful than ever to the traveller in Egypt, or to the student at home, as a work of reference. The text of the translation is that made by the late Amelia B. Edwards, subject, of course, to the modifications that have been found necessary to bring the work to date. There are over three hundred illustrations.

The excellent new English edition of Balzac (Dent-Macmillan), the initial volume of which was noticed in our last issue, has been extended by two more volumes —"The Chouans," translated by Miss Ellen Marriage, and "At the Sign of the Cat and Racket," translated by Miss Clara Bell, and supplied with a preface by Mr. George Saintsbury. The new edition of Defoe, edited by Mr. George A. Aitken and illustrated by Mr. J. B. Yeats, and bearing also the Dent-Macmillan imprint, reaches its ninth volume in "A Journal of the Plague Year." It is a pleasure to commend such beautiful books as are contained in both these sets.

Mr. A. P. Gage's "Elements of Physics" has been for the past dozen years the best American book of its kind accessible for high school use. It is now supplemented (we can hardly say replaced) by the more comprehensive and up-to-date "Principles of Physics" (Ginn), which exemplifies the same admirable methods of presentation as the earlier work, and offers material enough for both high school and college courses. It is a book of between six and seven hundred pages, with all sorts of helpful illustrations in abundance.

Literary Notes.

"A Pair of Blue Eyes" has just been added by Messrs. Harper & Brothers to their handsome library edition of the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy.

The Dent-Lippincott imprint is borne by the title-page of a new and revised edition of Mrs. Alfred Baldwin's "The Story of a Marriage."

A pleasant surprise for the Fall Season is announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.— a new volume of poems by Lowell, with a new portrait as frontispiece.

Notwithstanding the almost innumerable editions of De Amicis' "Cuore," a new one, illustrated, is nearly ready for publication by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The International Literary and Artistic Association will hold its seventeenth congress at Dresden from September 21 to 28, under the patronage of the King of Saxony.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Sir George Tressady," upon which she has been at work for the past two years, will appear as a serial in "The Century," beginning with November.

The first story by Michael Field to appear in an American periodical is begun in the September "Atlantic" with the title of "Tiger Lilies." Is not this, by the way, the title of Sidney Lanier's earliest novel?

A new edition of Shakespeare's plays, intended especially for high school and college classes, will be begun at once by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. There are several editors, and the text is based on that of the Globe edition.

It is reported, from London, that Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, desires to spend next winter in the United States. A book of "impressions" by him during his sojourn here would be an interesting literary announcement.

The "Literary World" of Boston has changed editors, Mr. N. P. Gilman retiring to become a professor of sociology in the Meadville Theological School, and the Rev. Edward Abbott, who was editor of the paper for about twelve years previous to 1889, resuming his old position.

The committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors (London) have adopted a resolution conveying to Mr. G. H. Putnam "their recognition and appreciation of the services he has rendered to the cause of international copyright, in conjunction with Mr. R. Underwood Johnson and the American committee."

The recent death of the artist Hovenden, in Philadelphia, has inspired a movement, on the part of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, for a memorial exhibition of his works, together with those of two other Philadelphia artists also lately deceased, P. F. Rothermel and I. L. Williams. The Academy would be glad to hear from owners of pictures by these artists, as it is desired to make the exhibit a full and representative one. The address is Philadelphia.

The following monographs have just appeared in the "Science Series" of the "Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin": "On the Quartz Keratophyre and Associated Rocks of the North Range of the Baraboo Bluffs," by Mr. Samuel Weidman; "Studies in Spherical and Practical Astronomy," by Mr. George C. Comstock; "A Contribution to the Mineralogy of Wisconsin," by Mr. W. H. Hobbs; and "An Experimental Study of Field Methods Which Will Insure to Stadia Measurements Greater Accuracy," by Mr. Leonard S. Smith.

A gap is left in the ranks of the publishing fraternity of America by the death of H. O. Houghton, head of the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which occurred suddenly at his home in North Andover, Mass., August 25, at the age of seventy years. Mr. Houghton began life as a printer, and after building up one of the foremost printing houses of America, the "Riverside Press," he entered the publishing field as a member of the firm of Hurd & Houghton. A few years later he acquired an interest, with J. R. Osgood, in the firm which succeeded the historic houses of Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co., and which afterwards, on Mr. Osgood's retirement, became the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is a house which possesses the highest traditions and associations in American literature; and these were worthily maintained under Mr. Houghton's régime.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

September, 1895 (First List).

"America's" Cup, The, and Its Contests. *McClure.*
Arabia—Islam, and the Eastern Question. *Harper.*
Child Study. Annie Howes Barus. *Forum.*
Clay, Recollections of. Madeleine McDowell. *Century.*
Clubs. Lawrence Irwell. *Lippincott.*
Constantinople. J. P. Mahaffy. *Chautauquan.*
Country Clubs in America. E. S. Martin. *Scribner.*
Cow-Puncher, Evolution of the. Owen Wister. *Harper.*
Crabbing. Calvin D. Wilson. *Lippincott.*
Criminal Anthropology. C. Lombroso. *Forum.*
Cuba, The Freeing of. Clarence King. *Forum.*
Education, A Few Words about. *Dial.*
Evolution and Education. Joseph Le Conte. *Educational Rev.*
Faith, The Irrepressible Nature of. John Bascom. *Dial.*
Gardening, Aquatic. J. H. Connelly. *Century.*
German Schools. Mrs. M. A. W. Rodger. *Chautauquan.*
Grady, Henry W. Clark Howell. *Chautauquan.*
Hard Times, Benefits of. Edward Atkinson. *Forum.*
History, The Writing of. Woodrow Wilson. *Century.*
Huxley, Professor. Richard H. Hutton. *Forum.*
Indian Art. Edwin Lord Weeks. *Harper.*
Inns around London, Notable. Nettie L. Beal. *Chautauquan.*
Law, Enforcement of. Theodore Roosevelt. *Forum.*
Low, Will H. Cleveland Moffett. *McClure.*
Matterhorn, Climbing the. Garrett P. Serviss. *McClure.*
Mental Telegraphy. Mark Twain. *Harper.*
Military Park, The National. H. V. Boynton. *Century.*
Mississippi Basin, The, 1697-1763. B. A. Hinsdale. *Dial.*
Molière. Ellen Duvall. *Lippincott.*
Poetry, Recent. William Morton Payne. *Dial.*
Rural School Problem, The. Henry Sabin. *Educational Rev.*
Stephen, Sir James Fitzjames, The Life of. *Dial.*
Superstition, Survival of. Elizabeth F. Seat. *Lippincott.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 34 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

HISTORY.

The History of Greece from its Commencement to the Close of the Independence of the Greek Nation. By Adolf Holm. In 4 vols. Vol. II., The Fifth Century, B. C.; 12mo, gilt top, pp. 535. Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLIII., Owens—Passelewe. Large 8vo, pp. 451, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. $3.75.

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